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But when he knows beforehand, that, aim how high he may, the lofty intellectualty of a beautiful creation will fall like water on a flint, upon the dull perceptions of a critical world who appreciates nothing higher than surface-imitation of matter;—when he has become painfully conscious that the qualities he has most cherished, that have been his thought by day and dream by night, are as the rainbow to the blind, or music to the deaf,—is he not manacled in spirit? and under the burden of this cold, heavy chain, must not imagination, power, enthusiasm, gradually perish within him for ever?

In this way an Art-generation passes away: another succeeds it. And what does this new generation originate? Nothing. It imitates. A vague oral tradition has handed down to posterity certain mysterious references to the beauties of the extinct school. Public opinion echoes the report with uncertain sound—and a school is straightway formed which has caught up as much of the outward manner of its predecessors as the vulgar eye is able to recognise. But their spirit is far beyond its range of apprehension.

"Truth is self-sustaining." The critical public soon detects the imitation, and the multitude cries out for change. "Let us have Nature! Nature forever!" and a fresh experimental school is started, in which a patient, laborious transcript of the surface aspects of nature is aimed at, as the highest standard of artistic excellence, and is appreciated accordingly. If you have an accurate eye, a skillful hand, and a good stock-in-trade of patience, you are certain of success. The high spiritual feeling embodied in Raffaele's "St. Catherine" is a sealed book to the uneducated taste of the multitude—but everybody can judge whether these plums are so marvellously painted, that you would be afraid of rubbing off the bloom if you touched them—that in yonder large historical picture the stores of mediæval antiquity have been diligently ransacked to furnish the rich and elaborately wrought costumes of a glittering crowd, whose proceedings and emotions would be perfectly unintelligible without the explanation, half a page long in the catalogue; and when you have thus learnt what they are all doing, you praise the execution, find out what faces remind you of your acquaintances—and pass on.

But the fickle public begins also to cloy of this meaningless elaboration. Forthwith, its antipodes become the fashion,—which the artist whose ambition is to be "successful" must follow. A meaningless dashing in of water-colors, and daubing on of oils, has succeeded to the servile copying of detail. One would now believe the artist's ambition was to convince the world that there is not a single detail in nature's graces worthy of being reproduced. The more utterly unintelligible your forms are, the better. Leave everything to the lively imagination of the spectator, and you will get immense credit for your imagination and poetical feeling too. Let your skies be hard masses of blue and white stone—let your trees be undistinguishable in texture and shape from the rocks on which they grow—let your faces be without features, your draperies without folds, your limbs like logs of wood in form and hue; and you will soon make a fortune with the least possible outlay of mind or industry. A reputation for a "fine, bold, masterly style" will carry anything it originates down the torrent of popularity for a while.

We have successively gone through these phases of Art-degradation, and are now hovering between the last, and its antagonist the careful school, which speaks a promise of better things. For, at least, it does not try to awe the public with swagger, but obviously seeks to please. Even though it aim at nothing greater than reproducing, with academical correctness and a conventional tastefulness of technical

management, all the graceful elegances of daily life,—whether the theme be chosen from a high or low class,—nevertheless, what it does undertake is well executed; and so long as that is prized by the amateur as the *summum bonum* of all excellence, the artist will never aim at a higher standard. But all this outward show of satisfactory technical correctness in externals cannot touch the heart—cannot leave an impression on the mind that will haunt you, when the work that awakened it is out of sight. They are incapable of exciting in you a thought that will re-act on your higher moral nature. How could it be otherwise? Where the intellectual spirit of Art is not, what is its outward form, however garished up, but a dead body? Paint it up as you will—deck it in splendor—deck it with jewels—wreath it with flowers,—all this will not impart a living power to a corpse from which the living soul has departed.

If our school of Art is in danger of approaching to this condition, as our yearly experience of the class of productions which commands the most distinguished patronage leaves the sincere lover of art room to fear, it is not the fault of the artist, either collectively or individually. Any industrious man can work so many hours a-day, if he is compelled by necessity, so long as a demand exists for his labor. But it cannot be too often and emphatically repeated, that the *true Artist* in heart and soul can only be called forth by Sympathy. Let us have Amateurs sensitive to the higher truths of intellectual Art,—who know how to search out, read, appreciate and love the intrinsic qualities of artistic excellence,—who, without undervaluing skill, can also feel with *genius*,—and there will be no lack of true Artists. Sympathy will always elicit the manifestation of Power, when Power is conscious of meeting with enlightened sympathy. F. C.

AN ENCHANTED ISLAND.

A WONDERFUL stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realms of Years,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
And blends with the Ocean of Years.

There is a musical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the tones with the roses are straying.

And the name of this Isle is the "Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so;
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unwept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before;
When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the day of life till night:
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile—
May that "Greenwood" of Souls be in sight.
—From the Evening Mirror.

A MONUMENT, by Mr. M. Noble, of the late Archbishop of York—Dr. Harcourt—has been placed in the nave of York Minster. The work is described as simple, and in keeping with the character of the deceased Archbishop.—*Athenæum*.

PORTRAITURE OF WASHINGTON:

BEING AN APPENDIX TO 'THE CUSTIS' RECOLLECTIONS AND PRIVATE MEMOIRS, ETC.

(From the National Intelligencer.)

There is, we are persuaded, not one of our whole circle of readers who have in days gone by read in these columns the intensely interesting papers entitled, "The Custis Recollections" of Washington, emanating periodically from the pen of his distinguished relative, W. F. Custis, but will have with delight the following essay from the same venerable hand, minutely describing the traits and personal attributes of the "Father of his Country."

It is assuredly both desirable and proper that there should belong to the American people and descend to their posterity a faithful portraiture of their Washington. They have in their own country all the materials requisite and necessary for such a work; nor need they go abroad to ensure its most happy execution, they having artistic genius and skill of the highest order at home.

The earliest original of the Pater Patriæ is the portrait of Col. Washington painted by Charles Wilson Peale in 1772, and now in fine preservation at Arlington House. This splendid and most interesting picture formed the principal ornament of the parlor at Mount Vernon for twenty-seven years, and for the truth of its resemblance to the Washington of colonial times Dr. James Craik was frequently applied to, who pronounced it to be a faithful likeness of the Provincial Colonel in the prime of life. The venerable James Craik; it is well known, was the associate and bosom friend of the Chief from 1754 to the last days at Mount Vernon.

Next in the order of succession we have a full-length of the Commander-in-Chief, painted by Peale in 1779, during the Revolution. This Peale may very properly be styled the soldier-artist; for in spring time he would lay aside his palette, and, commanding a company, fight a campaign, and on going into winter quarters take up his palette again and paint the portraits of the great men of the army of Independence. The soldier-artist gave a most graphic and amusing account of his painting the portrait of Gen. Green at Valley Forge. He said: "The wretched but that formed my studio had but two articles of furniture, an old bedstead and a three-legged chair! The General being a heavy man, I placed him upon the bedstead, while I steadied myself as well as I could upon the rickety chair; it was awfully cold, and I had every few moments to thrust my hands into the fire to enable me to hold my pencil." In such a studio and with such appliances was painted the only reliable likeness that we have of the illustrious soldier who was the hero of the South, and second only to him who was first of all.

Peale delighted to relate incidents that occurred during his intercourse at various times with Washington, particularly the display of the vast physical prowess of the Chief in 1772. He said: "One afternoon several young gentlemen, visitors at Mount Vernon, and myself were engaged in pitching the bar, one of the athletic sports common in those times. When suddenly the Colonel appeared among us. He requested to be shown the pegs that marked the bounds of our efforts; then, smiling, and without putting off his coat, held out his hand for the missile. No sooner," observed the narrator, with emphasis, "did the heavy iron bar feel the grasp of his mighty hand than it lost the power of gravitation, and whizzed through the air, striking the ground far, very far, beyond our utmost limits. We were indeed amazed, as we stood around all stripped to the buff, with shirt sleeves rolled up, and having thought ourselves very clever fellows, while the Colonel, on retiring, pleasantly observed, 'When you beat my pitch, young gentlemen, I'll try again.'

In 1780 appeared the equestrian portrait of the Chief by Colonel Trumbull. In the execution of this fine work of Art the painter had

standings as well as sittings—the white charger, fully caparisoned, having been led out and held by a groom, while the Chief was placed by the artist by the side of the horse, the right arm resting on the saddle. In this novel mode the relative positions of the man and horse were sketched out and afterwards transferred to the canvas. There is a copy, size of life, of the equestrian portrait by Trumbull in the City Hall of New York. The figure of Washington, as delineated by Col. Trumbull, is the most perfect extant.

In 1789 the first President lost his teeth, and the artificial ones with which he was furnished answering very imperfectly the purposes for which they were intended, a marked change occurred in the appearance of his face, more especially in the projection of the under lip, which forms so distinguishing a feature in the works of Stuart and others who painted portraits of the great man subsequent to 1789.

We come now to a brilliant era in the history of the Fine Arts in the United States in the return of Gilbert Stuart to his native land from a long sojourn in Europe, where his great fame as a portrait painter obtained for him the title of the modern Van Dyke. The distinguishing excellence of Stuart, as a portrait painter, consisted in his giving the expression of character to his portraits, a novelty in portrait painting in the United States more than half a century ago. Stuart's object and ambition on returning to America were to paint the great man of his country. He gave to this work all his genius, all his skill, and the best feelings of his heart. The first portrait of Washington by Stuart created a great sensation on its appearance in Philadelphia. It was soon followed by the celebrated full-length for the Marquis of Lansdowne. In this splendid picture Stuart has failed in the figure of the Chief, unapproachable as he was, in painting the head. The great artist had never made the human figure his peculiar study or practice. Hence, for the correct figure of Washington we must refer, in all cases, to the works of Trumbull. It was our good fortune to see much of Gilbert Stuart in his studios of Philadelphia and Washington city, and to hear him say, "I do not pretend to have painted Washington as the General of the armies of Independence; I knew him not as such; I have painted the first President of the United States." And again, upon his being asked, "Whom did Washington most resemble?" he replied, "No one but himself." Stuart complained bitterly of his painting for the Marquis of Lansdowne having been pirated by Heath, the engraver to his Britannic Majesty. He showed us a copper-plate prepared in England for the celebrated Sharpe, the first engraver in Europe, who, although retired from the burin, had consented to execute a farewell engraving of Stuart's Washington. The copper-plate was large, thick, and heavy, and polished like a mirror, while Stuart, laying his hand upon the plate, observed, with much feeling, "The profits, my young friend, of this copper-plate engraved by Sharpe were all the fortune I expected to leave my family." Heath made the noble fortune from his engraving of the work of Stuart, which engraving is a superb specimen of the art.

Washington was a bad sitter. It annoyed him exceedingly to sit at all; and after every sitting, he was wont to declare this must be the last. Stuart, once finding the Chief very dull, bethought himself to introduce the subject of horses. This roused up the sitter, and the artist obtained the desired expression.

The last original (profile in crayons) was by Sharpless, 1796, and is now at Arlington House. So much was this performance admired for the exquisite likeness and uncommon truthfulness of expression that the chief ordered portraits by the same artist of every member of his domestic family, including Geo. W. Lafayette. Of the first

President there was also a portrait by Rembrandt Peale, son of the soldier-artist, painted from sittings during the Presidency. It elicited much commendation from Revolutionary worthies and adorns the hall of the United States Senate.

We have thus enumerated all the reliable originals of the Pater Patriæ from 1772 to 1796, with remarks upon each. These, with the statue by Houdon in 1786, constitute, in our humble opinion, all the resemblances in paintings and sculpture of the beloved Washington that will descend venerated and admired to posterity. Gracchi's bust of the chief is a failure; his bust of Hamilton magnificent.

Of the painting, said to be an original, by Wermuller, and executed about 1795, we literally know nothing; yet, in 1795, we were not absent from the Presidential mansion in Philadelphia a single day. Again, through whose influence was the sitting obtained for a picture said to be for a Swedish nobleman? It is so trivial that it is only by hard begging that Mr. Bingham obtained the sittings for the Marquis of Lansdowne's picture. And, again, we knew little or nothing of Sweden in the olden days, while we had and still preserve a most honored recollection of Denmark in the memory of a gallant Dane, Colonel Febigier, a distinguished officer of our Revolutionary army. And, lastly, if the Wermuller was painted about 1795, where is the distinguishing feature in the physiognomy of the chief at that period, the projection of the under lip?

In giving a graphic description of the stature and form of Washington, we give not only the result of our personal observations and experience of many years, but information derived from the highest authority—a favorite nephew.

Major Lawrence Lewis asked his uncle what was his height in the prime of life? He replied, "In my best days, Lawrence, I stood six feet and two inches in ordinary shoes." We know that he measured by a standard precisely six feet when laid out in death. Of his weight we are an evidence, having heard him say to Crawford, Governor of Canada, in 1799, "My weight in my best days, sir, never exceeded from two hundred and ten to twenty." His form was unique, unlike most athletic frames that expand at the shoulders and then gather in at the hips. The form of Washington deviated from the general rule, since it descended from the shoulders to the hips in perpendicular lines, the breadth of the trunk being nearly as great at the one as the other. His limbs were long, large, and sinewy; in his lower limbs he was what is usually called straight-limbed. His joints, feet, and hands were large, and could a cast have been made from his right hand, so far did its dimensions exceed Nature's model that it would have been preserved in museums for ages as the anatomical wonder of the eighteenth century. Lafayette remembered this remarkable hand, when, during his triumph in America, he said to us in the portico at Mount Vernon, "It was here in 1784 I was first introduced to you by the good General; it is a long while ago; you were then a very little gentleman, rigged out in cap and feather, and held by one finger of the General's mighty hand. It was all you could do at that time, my dear sir."

The eyes of the Chief were a light grayish blue, deep sunken in their sockets, giving the expression of gravity and thought. Stuart painted those eyes of a deeper blue, saying in a hundred years they will have faded to the right color. His hair was of a hazel brown, and very thin in his latter days. In his movements he preserved, in a remarkable degree and to advantage, the elastic step that he had acquired in his service on the frontier.

Being ordered one morning very early into the library at Mount Vernon, a spot that none entered without orders, the weather being warm, we found the Chief very much undressed, and, while

looking on his manly frame, we discovered that the centre of his chest was indented. This is an exception to the general rule laid down by anatomists, that where the human frame possesses great muscular power the chest should rather be rounded out and protuberant than indented. We were equally surprised to find how thin he was in person, being, with the absence of flesh, literally a man of "thews and sinews." He wore around his neck the miniature portrait of his wife. This he had worn through all the vicissitudes of his eventful career, from the period of his marriage to the "last days at Mount Vernon."

In the appearance of Washington there was nothing of bulkiness, but there was united all that was dignified and graceful, while his air and manner were at once noble and commanding. No one approached him that did not feel for him, as Lord Erskine observed, "a degree of awful reverence." He wore a sword with a peculiar grace. The Viscomte de Noulles said it was because "the man was made for the sword, and not the sword for the man."

Lafayette, not long after the War of the Revolution, wrote a letter to Col. Trumbull urging him to paint an equestrian portrait of the Chief as he appeared on the field of Monmouth. The illustrious Frenchman, America's great benefactor, said to us: "I was a very young Major-General on that memorable day, and had a great deal to do, but took time, amid the heat and fury of the fight, to gaze upon and admire Washington, as, mounted on a splendid charger covered with foam, he rallied our line with words never to be forgotten. 'Stand fast, my boys, and receive your enemy; the Southern troops are advancing to support you! I thought then as I do now,' continued the good Lafayette, 'that never have I seen so superb a man.'

Our readers may ask, Shall the standard portrait be equestrian? We reply, to the portrait of one so accomplished a cavalier as Washington was, the white charger, with the leopard-skin housings, &c., would be an embellishment, the Chief to be dismounted, with arm resting on the saddle, after the manner of Trumbull.

But, whether equestrian or not, the Americans have the materials for the standard before them in the head from Stuart, with some slight modifications from the original of 1772, and the figure from Trumbull entire. They have only to choose their artist, and let the work be done.

When this noble Empire shall have achieved its high destiny, and, embracing a Continent, attained a power and grandeur unexampled in the history of nations, the future American, from the topmost height of his greatness, will look back upon the early days of his country and call up the "time-honored" memories of the heroic era and the age of Washington; and, when contemplating the image of the Pater Patriæ, perpetuated by the mellowed tints of the canvas and the freshness of time-enduring bronze, with honest pride of ancestry he will exclaim, "My forefather was the associate of that great man in the perils and glories of the struggle for American Independence." Let there be undying honor to the memory of Washington. Evergreen be the laurels that deck his trophied tomb; ever living be the homage in the hearts of his countrymen and mankind for the patriot, the hero, and the sage, who, under Providence, with humble means, so much contributed to raise his native land from the depths of dependence and to place her in the rank of nations; who presided over her civic destinies in the dawn of the great experiment of self-government; and who, after an illustrious life spent in the service of liberty and mankind, and without a cloud to dim the lustre of his fame, descended to the grave with the august title of the Father of his Country!